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Parry (J.)

A

TRIP TO WALES;

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED

FOR THE FIRST TIME,

AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

On FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1826.

WRITTEN,

And the Overture and Music, consisting chiefly of favourite Welsh Melodies, selected and arranged

By JOHN PARRY.

AUTHOR OF "HIGH NOTIONS," "TWO WIVES," "UNCLE GABRIEL," &c. &c. &c.

London:

Printed by Joseph Mallett, 59, Wardour Street, Soho;

AND SOLD BY MR. F. LATOUR, NO. 50, NEW BOND STREET;

WHERE THE MUSIC MAY BE HAD.

Price One Shilling.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Morgan Jones (*an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare*).....Mr. DOWTON.
Sir George Stanley (*a reserved young gentleman*).....Mr. YOUNGE.
Frank Stanley (*an open-hearted youth*).....Mr. HOOPER.
Janus Pilkins (*a domestic in the Stanley family, assuming a demure appearance*).....Mr. HARLEY.
Peter Peppercorn (*Sir Morgan's under Gardener*).....Mr. EDWIN.
Jenkins (*landlord of the Inn at Llangollen*).....Mr. G. SMITH.
Thomas (*a servant*).....Mr. POVEY.

Pennillion Singers.

Master ALEXANDER, Messrs. PLUMSTEAD, NELSON, and SHERIFF.

Ellen Jones (*Sir Morgan's daughter*).....Miss GRADDON.
Jenny Williams (*her waiting maid*).....Miss A. TREE.
Peggy Wilkins.....Mrs. ORGER.

Welsh Lads and Lasses, Footmen, Housemaids, Harpers, Dancers, &c.

SCENES.—*The Inn at Llangollen, and Sir Morgan Jones's Seat in the Vale of Clwyd.*

ADDRESS.

Although "the heavens lowered and the gods frowned" at the commencement of my "*Trip to Wales,*" the gloom soon dispelled, and all was sunshine and brightness. In catering for the public taste, every author does his best to give satisfaction; but if he fail, by not salting this dish enough, or peppering this too little, let him be chastised, but not annihilated, as some good-natured critics endeavoured to serve me: to be sure, those who unfeelingly broke my head on Saturday, put a plaister on it on Monday.

I am confident that the character of Sir Morgan Jones was not properly understood by the audience on the first night; hence the disapprobation. Mr. Dowton was anxious to render it a most effective part, but the arrangements of the theatre would not admit of any further delay. I submit it to the public to form their own conclusions.

I offer my warmest thanks to Mr. Dowton, Mr. Harley, Mr. Edwin, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Younge, Mr. G. Smith, Miss Graddon, Miss A. Tree, and Mrs. Orger, for the kind solicitude they felt for the success of the piece; their excellent acting and singing ensured to it (on the second evening) a far greater success than I anticipated. I offer it, not as a meritorious drama, but as a vehicle to introduce some of my native melodies; and it gives me infinite pleasure that I have, as far as regards the music, received the approbation of the public.*

I cannot suffer my "*Trip*" to enter the busy world, without expressing my thanks to Mr. T. Cooke and the Band, for the

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* The Music is published by Mr. Latour, No. 50, New Bond Street; where the Farce may be had, which has been printed for the accommodation of such provincial managers as may feel disposed to perform it.

very excellent manner in which the whole of the music was performed.

To Mr. Wallack, stage manager, I also tender my best thanks, for his kind and friendly attention to me during the period the Farce was in preparation; I also beg to offer my warmest acknowledgements to those kind friends and strangers, who, by their unsolicited encouragement and support, cheered the heart of

THE AUTHOR.

London, Nov. 14, 1826.

A TRIP TO WALES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A large Room at the Inn at Llangollen.—A Window open at the back to shew a Valley.—Water, high Hills, &c.—Moonlight.*

Four Peasants seated at a Table—Jugs, Cups, &c.—A Harp plays behind, and the following sung:

OPENING QUARTET—Air, "Ar hyd y nos."

Master ALEXANDER, Messrs. PLUMSTEAD, NELSON, & SHERIFF.

Solo.

Sweet the tales of martial glory.

Chorus, Ar hyd y nos.

Sweet to hear the traveller's story!

Chorus, Ar hyd y nos.

Sweet to sing, when those who hear us
In their turn delight to cheer us,
And no lurking danger's near us.

Chorus, Ar hyd y nos.

Enter JENKINS.

Jen. Come, neighbours, depart, depart; I expect the mail coach in every moment. (*Peasants coming forward with the jugs and drinking cups.*)

1*st. Peasant.* Nay, friend Jenkins, not before you take a cup of ale with us, and give us a song.

All. Aye, a song! a song!

Jen. (takes a cup.) Well, here's "May our friendship be as firm as our native mountains!" (*They all drink the toast.*)

SONG, *Jenkins,* Mr. G. SMITH.

The worth of true friendship we seldom can know,
While fortune is smiling around us;
But let her on others her favors bestow,
'Twill break all the ties that have bound us.
Yet still there are those, who, regardless of gain,
Depart from their sentiments never;
In sunshine or darkness, they still will remain
As firm in their friendship as ever.

Cho.—In sunshine, &c.

How oft do we meet in the days of our youth
With those whom we honour sincerely;
Yet who, tho' professing affection and truth,
Desert us when troubled severely.

Yet still there are those, &c.

(*Horns blowing, bells ringing.*)

Jenkins. Here's the mail coach; depart, depart!

[*Exeunt hastily.*

Re-enter JENKINS, *ushering in* FRANK STANLEY (*in a travelling dress.*) [*Exit* JENKINS.

Frank. Well, here I am in Wales, the land of mirth and hospitality. I have got the start of my brother; but he will be here presently, for we passed him a few miles back. He told me that he was going to Cheltenham, and he fancies that I am by this time snug at Cambridge. But I knew he would pay Sir Morgan Jones a visit, and endeavour to gain the affections of his daughter; but neither his artifice, nor that of his demure attendant, Pilkins, can ever estrange my Ellen's love from me. As for Sir Morgan's poetic flights, I'll turn them to my advantage. (*Ostler's bell rings—looks out at the side.*) Egad, here comes George and Pilkins too; now for a comical scene. (*Goes up.*)

Enter JENKINS.

Jenkins. This way, sir—this way.

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir George. How far is it to Sir Morgan Jones's seat?

Jenkins. Only one stage, sir.

Sir George. Order a post chaise; I must get there to night.

Jenkins. Oh, sir, it is dangerous to go over the mountains so late.

Sir George. Well, I will sleep here and set off in the morning.

Jenkins. Very well, sir. [*Exit* JENKINS.

Frank. (*Coming forward, and in a supplicating tone.*) Will you take me with you?

Sir George. How now, sir? is this the way to Cambridge?

Frank. No, but it is the direct road to Cheltenham! ha, ha, ha! master George, have I caught you?

Sir George. Caught me! I do'nt know what you mean. Sir Morgan sent me a pressing invitation to pass a month in Wales; on re-considering which, I thought best to accept it.

Frank. Come, come, make no excuses; let us have some refreshments and jog on together. (*Rings the bell.*)

Sir George. Very well.

Enter JENKINS.

Some refreshments, and desire my servant to come to me.

Jenkins. Begging your pardon, sir, what may the matter be with your servant? He sits in the kitchen sobbing and sighing, and when we ask him the cause, he says that he is only enjoying himself.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! poor Pilkins! as usual, he is quite an eccentric, but a trusty, faithful, upright creature (*ironically*); is he not, George?—Send him in. [*Exit* JENKINS.

Sir George. I insist, sir, that you do not teaze him—poor honest fellow!

Frank. Honest! I fear, George, that you are much deceived in that man.

Sir George. Silence, sir! has he not lived in the family all his life?

Frank. Granted; but for all that, he is a canting, hypocritical—

Sir George. Once more, I command you to be silent. You do this to provoke me, because I place more confidence in him than I do—

Frank. In *me*—you would say: but never mind, George; you are my elder brother, and, through the machinations of some base designing villains, I am left dependent on you for a maintenance.

Sir George. (*Agitated.*) Who do you call base and designing villains, sir?

Frank. Faith, I wish I could tell—but a truce to this altercation—Come, let us be friends. (*Shakes him by the hand.*)

Sir George. I insist, sir, that you do not torment poor Pilkins. [*Exit.*

Frank. But I will though, and expose him too; he belongs to some canting sect, and I fear makes a cloak of religion to hide a corrupt heart. If I could only contrive to get him intoxicated, I am confident that I should obtain from him some important information; for he has repeatedly thrown out some ambiguous hints—but here he comes!

Enter PILKINS,

With a large slouched hat tied under his chin, calculated to make his face look long; his dress plain and prim.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! here's a figure!

Pilkins. (*Demurely.*) Pray don't laugh, Mr. Frank; you know I cannot bear it.

Frank. Why, that comical phiz of thine is enough to make any body laugh; thou wert born to make people laugh—ha, ha, ha! (*Turning him round.*)

Pilkins. Now pray, Mr. Frank, don't laugh; I shall break my heart if you do. (*Sobs.*) Mr. Bristle, boot-maker and minister, says that laughing is a sin—thank goodness, no one can accuse me of it!

Frank. Now will I venture to say that we shall find thee, at Sir Morgan's, toying with the lasses, and as merry as any of us.

Pilkins. O! fie, fie, Mr. Frank! what, I toy with the wenches! I be merry!—goodness, forbid!—the only thing I enjoy is a comfortable cry. (*Sobs.*)

Enter JENKINS, *with a Tray.*

Jenkins. (*Crossing.*) This way, gentlemen.

Pilkins. I say, my good man, are there any solitary walks in this neighbourhood?

Jenkins. Why, yes; the church-yard is close by. [*Exit.*

Pilkins. I'll go and pass an hour among the tombstones. (*Going.*)

Frank. Stay!—now would I give a trifle to see a smile on that dismal face of thine.

Pilkins. Ah! little do you know the heartfelt pleasures that we *Weepers* derive from a penitent tear.

Frank. What do you mean by Weepers?

Pilkins. Don't you know that I am one of the chosen?

Frank. I don't know what you are *now;* but, before I went to College, you used to be an entertaining, comical wight enough; my brother too used to be an open-hearted youth—but *now*—thou art all sanctity and *seeming* purity—and *he* is sullen and mysterious. (*Holding up a sovereign.*) But dost thou see this? smile and 'tis thine.

Pil. (*Holding up his hand, as if to receive it.*) O! fie, Mr. Frank! tempt me not.

Frank. Only one transient gleam, to light thy gloomy countenance.

Pil. (*Endeavouring to smile, but cannot.*) Heigh-ho!

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! well, that will do, there take it; but mind; don't get tipsy.

Pil. Who, I? oh, fie—*I* get tipsy—goodness, forbid—no, no, I never take any thing but pure water.

Frank. But you used to get merry formerly, Pilkins—egad, I should like to see thee so again—ha, ha, ha!

Pil. Pray don't laugh—don't be merry—it is not right to be merry in this wicked world.

Frank. Put my luggage with my brother's; we shall be off early in the morning—mind, don't get tipsy, old Grim. [*Exit.*

PILKINS *unties his hat and pulls it off, looking round, and speaking in a cheerful tone.*

Pil. "Don't get tipsy, old Grim!"—This youth pays me for laughing, while his brother rewards me handsomely for wearing a sombre appearance, the better to avoid suspicion—so between the two, I am pretty well off—But how came he here, I wonder? I would fain open my heart to the much-injured merry wag; but I dread the vengeance of Sir George!—Poor Frank—"don't get tipsy," said he—egad, I must not, Sir George has prohibited that, lest I should forget myself, and blab, which he knows I am apt to do, when I take a drop of comfort. (*Sir George's bell rings*—PILKINS *resumes his canting tone and puts on his hat.*) But no one ever *sees* me tasting burning liquors—no, no—goodness forbids that I should let any one *see* me drink. (*Takes a flask from his side pocket and drinks as he goes out.*)

JENKINS *re-enters, singing the burthen of his song*—PILKINS *sneaks off, followed by* JENKINS, *laughing.*

SCENE II.—*A small Entrance Hall at* Sir MORGAN'S *House—A Bust or Portrait of Shakspeare placed conspicuously.*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. The sudden arrival of Sir George and Mr. Stanley has put us quite in confusion; that my young lady *hates* Sir George, and *loves* Mr. Frank, is plain enough—Well, love shall not trouble me; that is, if I can help it.

SONG, *Jenny,* Miss A. TREE.

I hear people say,
There's scarcely a day
That love does not tease both the young and the old;
And many a swain
He tortures with pain,
Then laughs at the mischief he makes, I'm told.
Aye sure!

To overcome me
No power has he,
Indeed I will always keep out of his way;
Or else with his dart
He'd pierce my poor heart,
Then laugh at the mischief he'd make, they say,
Aye sure!

Let Love, if he please,
Old bachelors tease,
And damsels who fancy they never grow old;
The wily young boy
Delights to annoy,
And laughs at the mischief he makes, I'm told.
Aye sure! yes sure!
He laughs at the mischief he makes,
Aye sure!

Enter PEGGY WILKINS *with a note in her hand.*

Peggy. Bless us, bless us, what busy times! O Jenny, Mr. Frank Stanley has just given me this note, and desired me to deliver it to Miss Ellen in a minute—run, run, and give it to her. (*Gives the note.*)

Jenny. Where is she?

Peggy. I don't know indeed, truth.

Jenny. I say, Wilkins, what a figure of fun that Mr. Pilkins is! ha, ha, ha!

Peggy. (*Imitating Pilkins.*) "Pray don't laugh, my good young woman, it gives me the tooth-ache."

Jenny. (*Imitating.*) "O! it is not right to laugh in this wicked world"—ha, ha, ha!

Peggy. I cannot imagine what is become to the man; when he was here on a visit before, he was quite a merry lively fellow.

Jenny. And what an odd sort of a man Sir Morgan is!

Peggy. He is indeed, look you—

Jenny. He sits whole days together 'devouring Shakspeare,' as he calls it, and we can scarcely ask him a question, but out pops a suitable reply from his favourite author.

Peggy. Is indeed—and he has got as many things made out of the mulberry tree as would fill the great hall! (*Sir Morgan heard singing behind.*) O, here he comes!

Jenny. Does he? then I'll fly. [*Exit Jenny.*

Peggy. Aye to be sure—And in his fantastic dress, which he puts on when we have got company—Ha, ha, ha!—his curious coat, and the hat which he says belonged to the immortal Shakspeare.

Enter Sir MORGAN, *dressed in an antique manner, a large wig and a high-crowned hat, having* MSS. *in his hand.*

Sir Morgan. (*Not heeding Peggy.*) "Such was the very armour he had on, when the ambitious Norway he combated."

Peggy. Poor man! I fear he is getting mad.

Sir M. "'Tis the error of the moon; she comes nearer to the earth than she was wont, and makes men mad."

Peggy. (*Aside.*) There! I said so. (*To him.*) The new gardener is come, Sir Morgan, and they say he is very clever.

Sir M. "A noble scion grafted on a royal stock."—But "can he sow, plant, transplant, graft and engraft, hoe, weed, dig and delve, and handle a pickaxe and spade." (*Sings.*)

"A pickaxe and a spade, &c."

Peggy. I don't know that; he has always got a book in his hand.

Sir M. A book! "By Heav'ns the news alarms my stirring soul."—But who is he?—whence comes he, and how came he here?

Peggy. By the Shrewsbury waggon.

Sir M. Great Apollo, I thank thee! (*Aside.*) This is pleasing intelligence; in him I may meet with a congenial soul; he may listen to my harmonious strains—"And if he fail, he will make a swanlike end, fading in music."

Peggy. O, I love music!

Sir M. "The man that hath not music in his soul, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—let no such man be trusted."

Peggy. I never trust the men, not I.

Sir M. (*Sings.*) "Trip it featly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burden bear."

Peggy. O, sir, do you give us a dance, and we will bear the music, I'll warrant me—O, how I will dance! (*Capering about.*) O, I do so love dancing!

Sir M. Then you must be fond of poetry.

Peggy. O, I can't bear it—(*Recollecting herself.*)—Except such as you read to us.

Sir M. "By my old beard and every hair that's on it, but she is a clever creature."—"Trip Audrey, Trip Audrey."

Pggy. O yes, sir, we'll be very orderly.

Sir Morgan. Prepare a feast for the servants and their friends, by way of welcome to the visitors; you may have it in the banquet hall.

Peggy. O, thank you, Sir Morgan.

Sir Morgan. Let the welcome be such as that given in the days of yore.

Peggy. Who was Yore, sir?

Sir Morgan. (*Aside*) Bless the girl!—I mean, let us uphold the honour of the principality, by treating our friends with true hospitality.

Peggy. Shall I desire the butler to give them some of the strong ale?

Sir Morgan. Yes—"And ginger shall be hot in the mouth."—Send for the harpers. (*Sings.*)

"Christmas comes but once a-year."

Peggy. O, in a minute! and I will ask Mary Thomas, Nancy Davies, Betty Williams, and Peggy Jones—you know Peggy Jones, Sir Morgan?

Sir Morgan. (*Annoyed.*) Yes, yes, yes!

Peggy. And I will ask Neddy Williams, David Jones, and Jemmy Davis—O, how I will dance! (*Singing.*)

"Christmas comes but once a-year."

[*Exit* PEGGY.

Sir Morgan. (*Bowing to the Portrait of Shakspeare.*) O Shakspeare! to thee I bend; the bare mention of thy name carries me beyond myself—I have extracts and quotations here, from the work of the Immortal Bard, calculated to inspire every passion which human nature is heir to.—I know that they have been banded about for ages by vulgar tongues; but have they been properly applied?—"That is the question."—His earthly career has been written by a thousand different persons; but I will give the life of the mighty Shakspeare in a Biographic Poem. (*Singing and perusing his* MS. *and not observing the entrance of* PETER.)

"Thou soft flowing Avon," &c. &c.

Enter PETER *with a book in his hand, and a nosegay in his breast; he bows and scrapes a long time before* Sir MORGAN *attends to him.*—(*In the Yorkshire dialect.*)

Peter. Your servant, sir—good day to you, sir—how d'ye do, sir?—

Sir Morgan. "Ha! thou lily-liver'd boy, where gots thou that goose look?"

Peter. I bean't a goose, I be Peter Peppercorn, your worship's under gardener.

Sir Morgan. From some romantic spot, I dare say.

Peter. No, sir—from Poppleton, in Yorkshire.

Sir Morgan. (*Rather aside.*) A child of nature.

Peter. No, sir—the third son of my father and mother, Matthew and Margery Peppercorn.

Sir Morgan. You are fond of literature, I understand.

Peter. Anan?

Sir Morgan. You court the Muses?

Peter. (*Shy.*) That bean't her name, sir.

Sir Morgan. You admire poesy?

Peter. Yes, I likes a posy.—(*Smelling at the one in his breast.*)

Sir Morgan. And you are acquainted, doubtless, with Shakspeare?

Peter. No, sir, I never know'd him.

Sir Morgan. "Either thou art most ignorant by age, or thou wert born a fool."

Peter. Very likely, sir.

Sir Morgan. What! you a gardener, and not know Shakspeare?—Why he planted the Mulberry Tree.

Peter. Nay, did he—where?

Sir Morgan. At Stratford-upon-Avon. (*Aside, feelingly.*) Where his hallow'd remains lie entombed—(*Starting.*) But his name shall never die, while I can wield a pen. (*Towards* PETER.) Oh, he was a giant!—and I have devoured him.

Peter. (*Alarmed.*) Nay, have ye?

Sir Morgan. Yes, "Marrow, bones, and all."

Peter. (*Aside.*) Bless my heart!

Sir Morgan. What book is that?

Peter. Abercrombie on gardening, Sir Morgan.

Sir Morgan. Abercrombie! aye, General Abercrombie was a great man; but there are no ancient gentlemen now, "but ditchers, grave diggers, and gardeners; they hold up Adam's profession."

Peter. So they do, sir.

Sir Morgan. Allow me (*takes the book and smells the cover*)—bound in Russia, I declare.

Peter. No, sir, it was bound at Poppleton.

Sir Morgan. (*Aside.*) Sweet simplicity! you shall be my Amanuensis.

Peter. I shall be happy to be your man in any sense, sir.

Sir Morgan. Have you got a retentive memory?

Peter. Sir?

Sir Morgan. That is, can you recollect things well?

Peter. Oh, yes!—I remember when father bought old Dobbin, it was the day after Farmer Fallow married Betty Greenwood. (*Spoken quickly.*)

Sir Morgan. (*Sings.*) "Under the greenwood tree."—I don't mean that kind of memory—can you carry two or three stanzas per diem in your cranium?

Peter. O yes, sir—for I be main strong.

Sir Morgan. Bless me, bless me, you don't understand me! but I will explain further anon—let us take a walk around the garden.

Peter. Wi' pleasure—you will be pleased to go first; for father told I—Peter, said he, always be polite to thy betters.

Sir Morgan. (*Not attending to* PETER, *but looking into his* MS.) "The wearying sun hath made a golden set, and by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds, gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

Peter. Ees sir, I think as how that we shall ha fine weather to dig and delve, and sow and plant.

Sir Morgan. (*Going, singing.*) "Matchless was he that planted thee." [*Exit* Sir MORGAN, *followed by* PETER, *amazed.*

SCENE III.—*Another Small Room.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. My father extols Sir George Stanley to the skies, and wishes me to look on him as my future lord and master—but, ah! that cannot be—Frank Stanley has got possession of my heart.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Miss, I am glad I've found you, here's a note which Mr. Stanley requested Wilkins to give to you.

Ellen. (*Reading eagerly.*) "I am aware of my brother's intentions, but I shall frustrate them; be collected; pay more attention to him, than to yours ever, FRANK."—Oh; how galling that must be—but I will attend to what he says—now, my dear Jenny, I have found you ever faithful, you shall find me grateful—do befriend me.

Jenny. Depend on that, Miss—and so will Wilkins.

Ellen. I'm sure of it.

Jenny. Sir Morgan has given us leave to have a dance in the banquet hall—so I will go and prepare for it. [*Exit.*

Ellen. Aye, do.—What an unpleasant situation is mine, forced to be civil where I could find in my heart to be otherwise! but let me hope that Fortune may still smile on my poor Frank, whom I must not treat as Rosa did my cousin Edward, when he requested her to name the bridal day.

SONG, *Ellen,* Miss GRADDON.

The bells were ringing merrily, merrily,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
The birds were singing cheerily, cheerily,
In each wood and dell.
When Edward to fair Rosa said
I prithee name, my pretty maid,
Our happy nuptial day.
But Rosa loved to tease the swain,
And all the answer he could gain,
Was fal, lal, lal, lal, lay.

Again the bells rang merrily, merrily,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
Again the birds sang cheerily, cheerily,
In each wood and dell.

When Rosa to young Edward cried,
I'm willing now to be your bride,
And name the nuptial day.
But Edward lov'd to tease the maid,
And all her coyness he repaid
With fal, lal, lal, lal, lay.

[*Exit* ELLEN.

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir George. I am convinced that Frank and Ellen are attached to each other; but I'll mar their projects. I am obliged to watch that fellow, Pilkins, like an infant, lest he should get intoxicated and betray me. Ah! thus it is: when we make those beneath us accomplices in our guilty actions, they tyrannize over us ever afterwards. Here comes Sir Morgan to pester me with his quotations.

Enter SIR MORGAN, *singing* "When daisies pied."

Sir Morgan. Sir George!—"You are welcome to our house;
Which shall appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant all breathing courtesy."

Sir George. Sir Morgan, I thank you.

Sir Morgan. I expected to have found my daughter here.

Sir George. Nothing more unlikely, for she appears to avoid me, which I consider very strange!

Sir Morgan. Strange! *insulting*, you ought to say.

Sir George. I did entertain a hope that you had no objections to my paying my addresses to Miss Jones.

Sir Morgan. 'Tis my wish, my desire, Sir George.

Sir George. Ah! Sir Morgan, I fear that she will only return my sincere advances with cold and frigid indifference.

Sir Morgan (angrily). What makes you think so?

Sir George. I *could* say much; but brotherly love and affection forbid me. *(Ironically.)*

Sir Morgan. Brotherly love! why, you don't mean to insinuate that your brother, Frank, aspires to my daughter's hand?

Sir George. Excuse me, Sir Morgan, I cannot—will not prejudice your mind against my poor brother!

Sir Morgan. Is he not a profligate—a rake—a—

Sir George. Hold, hold! I cannot stay to hear my beloved relative abused—

Sir Morgan. Have you not told me as much yourself?

Sir George. Sorry I am to say that Frank is not so steady as I could wish him to be; but he is my brother.

Sir Morgan. I know it; and *you*, I am sure, would be, nay, *ought* to be, the last man on earth to do him an injury; but, as the immortal bard says—

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

Now look you, Sir George, without any offence to *you*, if I thought that Frank dared to address my daughter—he—he—I —I—he should quit my house immediately! and, by way of punishment, he should never hear a line of my poem!

Sir George. Well, since I find you are averse to my brother, I will speak to him; and do you lay injunctions on you daughter not to encourage him; but pray don't say a word to Frank, let *me* manage him.

Sir Morgan. Agreed. *(Pulling out his* MS.*)* I believe, Sir George, that I informed you that I was writing the life of Shakspeare in verse?

Sir George (peevishly). You did.

Sir Morgan. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded beyond my expectations; permit me just to read to you my introduction to that beautiful passage—

> "Thrice is *he* arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Sir George (greatly agitated). O, beautiful! sublime! *(Aside.)* How he tortures me!

Sir Morgan. But first, you shall hear how I have embodied another fine passage—"Who steals my purse"—and so on, in a little ditty which I will sing to you, if you please; 'tis to an old tune, Sir George.

Sir George (pettishly). So much the better.

Sir Morgan. So say I. I love our old tunes, and whenever I hear a simple national melody, I welcome it as I would an old acquaintance. Hem! hem! now for it—

SONG, *Sir Morgan,* MR. DOWTON.

The man who will slander or injure another,
Deserves not the name of a neighbour or friend;
But *he* who revileth an innocent brother,
If I had my will, to old Harry I'd send!
Such fellows I'm certain can never be easy,
Their conscience will smite them at morn, noon, & night;
For conscience they tell us, sir, always will teaze ye,
Unless you act justly and do what is right.

How different the feelings of those who will cherish
The virtuous in trouble and worth in distress;
Their names will be writ where they never can perish,
And infants be taught their fond mem'ry to bless.
But villains I'm certain can never be easy,
Their conscience will smite them at morn, noon, & night;
For conscience they tell us, sir, always will teaze ye,
Unless you act justly and do what is right.

[*Exit Sir* GEORGE, *hastily. Exit Sir* MORGAN, *opposite.*

Enter PEGGY WILKINS.

Peggy. Well, all's prepared for the dance. O, we'll have a merry night! That doleful Mr. Pilkins follows me up and down the house like a lap dog—bless my heart, he is here again. *(Going.)*

Enter PILKINS, *stealing on—hat on.*

Pilkins. Stay! pretty damsel, stay!

Peggy. What's your pleasure, Mr. Pilkins?

Pilkins (with extacy). Oh! Peggy Wilkins!

Peggy. Goodness me, what's the matter, sir?

Pilkins. Were you ever in love, Peggy Wilkins?

Peggy. Yes, indeed; a thousand times!

Pilkins. What! in downright earnest love?

Peggy. Yes, sure; in downright earnest love.

Pilkins (sighing). I never was until this moment—heigho!

Peggy. My young mistress is in love, too.

Pilkins. You don't say so! with whom, pray?

Peggy (significantly.) Not with Sir George Stanley; but I must not tell, or you will betray my poor young lady.

Pilkins. That I won't! particularly if she loves that unfortunate youth, *Frank.*

Peggy. Unfortunate?

Pilkins. Unfortunate! did I say unfortunate? *(smiling)* I meant that merry wag, Mr. Stanley.

Peggy. Why, goodness me, Mr. Pilkins, you smiled!

Pilkins. Nay, did I, Peggy Wilkins—heigho!

Peggy. I wish you would smile again, it makes you look much more agreeable.

Pilkins (simpering). Nay, does it, pretty Peggy?

Peggy. You will join our little dance, I hope?

Pilkins. What, I dance! goodness forbid—

Peggy, (coaxing him.) Now, pray do make one among us, and *I* will be your partner.

Pilkins (embracing her). Oh, bless you! Peggy Wilkins.

Peggy. Oh, fie! Mr. Pilkins.

(Pilkins takes off his hat, kneels, and speaks in a cheerful tone.)

Pilkins. Behold, at your feet, my pretty Peggy, one who adores you!

Peggy. Goodness me! what do you mean? who are you?

Pilkins. Janus Pilkins, your slave, my pretty Peggy!

Peggy. Why, you are quite changed!

Pilkins. 'Tis all love! mighty love! say you will be mine, and make me the happiest of mortals!

Peggy (confused). I—I—I never make rash promises.

Pilkins. Then I may hope?

Peggy. Yes, yes, you may hope!

Pilkins. Oh, my darling Peg!

DUET, PILKINS and PEGGY.

PILKINS.

To London go with me,
The pretty sights to see,
Most faithful I will be,
Pretty Peggy, O!
I'll dress you fine and gay,
And take you to the play,
Then fly with me away,
Pretty Peggy, O!

PEGGY.

I cannot go with you
The pretty sights to view,
For, ah! I might rue,
Mr. Pilkins, O!
To see me deck'd out gay,
And strutting to the play,
What would the people say,
Mr. Pilkins, O!

PILKINS.

Their talk we would not mind;

PEGGY.

To rove I'm not inclin'd;

PILKINS.

Thou'rt barb'rous and unkind,
Peggy Wilkins, O!

PEGGY.

Oh! do not think me so;

PILKINS.

Then off with me, pray go!

PEGGY.

Again, I answer, no!
Mr. Pilkins, O!

(Spoken.)

Pilkins. You won't?
Peggy. Indeed I won't!
Pilkins. You are quite sure you won't?

(Peggy holds out her hand, which Pilkins takes, and both dance to the burden of the Air, and Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.—*An ancient Hall. A few antique Chairs and Tables at the back; a Harp or two at the side.*

Enter PETER, *followed by Welsh Lads and Lasses, Footmen and Housemaids.*

Peter. Come on, friends, this be the hall; let us have a dance!

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Oh! not yet, Peter ; wait until all our friends arrive !

Peter. Nay, Jenny, let's have a jig or a reel, just to bring our feet into play a bit.

Jenny. Well, I'll go and get some refreshment.

Peter. Aye, do.

[*Exit Jenny, who soon returns with Jugs, &c. &c. and puts them on the table.*]

Peter. Come, harpers, strike up "Ap Shenkin."

The Dance.

1st Couple—Welsh lad and lass.
2nd Ditto—Footman and housemaid.
3rd Ditto—Welsh lad and lass.
4th Ditto—Footman and housemaid.

Figure.

1st and 2nd, 3rd and 4th Couples change sides and back again.
1st and 3rd Couple down the middle and up again.
All right and left at top, the 2nd and 4th Couple taking the upper hand.
Hands four across and as before.

Change to a Jig.

Two Welsh lasses take *Peter.*
Two Welsh lads take *Jenny.*
The rest dance at the back.

Coda.

Peggy Wilkins brings in Pilkins; they join Peter and Jenny and dance in front; then all join hands and surround Pilkins, who tries to escape, but is prevented. They dance until the scene drops.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A fine mountainous View from* Sir MORGAN'S *Pleasure Grounds.*

Enter ELLEN *with a Note, and* JENNY *with a Nosegay, meeting.*

Jenny. Here's the nosegay.

Ellen. And here's the note—but how will you contrive to give it to Mr. Stanley, unnoticed by any body?

Jenny. Suppose you pin it round the nosegay.

Ellen. A good thought—(*She pins the note round the bottom of the nosegay.*)—there, endeavour to find my dear Frank, and present it to him from me.

Jenny. I will, Miss.

Ellen. Pray desire Morgan to bring his harp to the hall door, and play.

Jenny. Yes, Miss. [*Exit* JENNY.

Ellen. I always find solace in the mellifluous tones of the harp.

AIR, ELLEN.

Harp behind the scenes.

In peace or in war, whether sickly or hale,
Be it summer or winter, or spring's fresh'ning gale;
In abundance or want, to relieve every pain,
On earth there is nought like the harp's flowing strain.

It cheers us when lonely, and soothes us when sad,
And oft it will render the troubled heart glad;
May those who encourage the harp, ever find
A spell in its tones to enrapture the mind. [*Exit* ELLEN.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. I have been searching all over the park for Mr. Stanley, but cannot find him—I can't imagine what has become to that silly lad, Peter—surely he does not flatter himself that I should condescend to listen to such a clown as he is—I, who am a yeoman's daughter!—and have been in London! (*Going.*)

Enter PETER, *meeting* JENNY.

Peter. Ah! Jenny, my pretty wench.

Jenny (*aside*). Wench, indeed!

Peter. What brings you here?

Jenny. I am looking for Mr. Stanley, to give him this nosegay, as a present from my young Lady; should you meet him, pray give it to him. (*Gives the nosegay.*)

Peter. (*Gazing at her, and takes the nosegay unconsciously.*) I will, Jenny.

Jenny. Tell him to examine it carefully, for he will find in it more sweets than may appear at first sight.

Peter (*still fondly gazing*). I will, Jenny.

Jenny. Well, go along—what are you dreaming about?

Peter. I was a thinking how happy I should feel if you had gi'd *me* this posy.

Jenny. To *you,* indeed! (*Scornfully.*) I shall expect something higher *than you,* surely.

Peter. Higher! (*Standing on tip-toe.*) Why, I be tall enough for you, surely.

Jenny. Well, well, carry the present safe.

Peter. But you maun pay the carriage. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

Jenny. Oh! get along with you. (*She runs off at the back.*)

Peter. Well, if I bean't the luckiest chap as ever was, and hae been so e'er sin I left Poppleton and went to Lunnun, where they used to call me "The good-natured lad."

SONG, *Peter,* Mr. EDWIN.

When I first com'd to Lunnun, a letter I brought
From our parson, good man, to a lady of note;
When she seed me, her laugh'd, and she looked at my face,
Then she laugh'd loud again, and she gi'd me a place.
O, how happy, thought I, this will mak' my old dad,
When he hears of the luck of his good-natur'd lad.
Yes it will.

O! how happy, &c.

When I went to the hall, all the servants flock'd round,
For to welcome me in, as I a'terwards found;
First the housekeeper said, wi' a smile on her face,
"You are welcome, young man, to your new gotten place."
Then the cook, with a look so bewitching and glad,
Squeez'd my hand and said, "Welcome, my good-natur'd lad."
Yes she did,

Pretty cratur she look'd, &c.

In a very short time my young mistress and all
Fell in love wi' poor I—was not that very droll?
Betty cook gave me tit-bits, the housekeeper wine;
And my mistress new liv'ry to make me look fine.
And in this place again, all the wenches be mad,
And are dying for love of the good natur'd lad.
Yes they be, by gom they be.
And in this place, the wenches be all running mad,
And are dying wi' love for the good-natur'd lad.

[*Exit up to the garden.*

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir George. I am heartily sorry that I have carried matters so far; my brother is such an open-hearted, generous fellow.—But one false step leads to many more; and the thought of being slighted by Ellen distracts me. She does not appear to pay much attention to Frank.—Hah! that may be a foil; aye, it must be so; but he shall not possess her: no, I will remove her from hence, either by force or stratagem.

Re-enter PETER (*from the Garden*).

Peter. Your servant, sir!

Sir George. Good day to you, my man! (*Sullenly.*)

Peter. Pray can you tell me where I may find Mr. Stanley?

Sir George. No! (*Pettishly.*)

Peter. I want to gi' him this posey, from Miss Ellen.

Sir George. From whom, said ye? (*Eagerly.*)

Peter. Jenny Williams ax'd I to gi' it to Mr. Frank, as a present, or what I would call—a love token, from her young lady.

Sir George (*evidently vexed, but endeavouring to be calm*). She did, eh?

Peter. Yes, sir; and I was to tell Mr. Frank to examine it wi' care, for that he would find it more sweeter than he might imagine. But as father says, "What is sweet to one brother, must be so to t'other"—so *you* maun ha' it, if you please.

Sir George. Thank ye. (*Takes the nosegay, and observes the paper;* PETER *bows, and goes up.*) What's this?—(*unpins the note*)—a letter!—(*Reads.*)

"Believe me, my dearest Frank, that no consideration "on earth, shall induce me to listen to your brother's proposals; "so rest assured in the affections of your—ELLEN."

"N.B.—Pilkins is a friend."

He is, eh?—the villain!—confusion!—Am I then made a dupe by this fond pair?—but I'll presently dash the cup of bliss from their lips.—Here, my lad! (PETER *comes forward.*) should you meet my brother, give him this nosegay; but don't say that I have seen it. (*Aside.*) Now to rouse the ire of Sir Morgan, and then off to London with my prize.

[*Exit* Sir GEORGE, *taking the note with him.*

Peter. Oh! yonder comes Sir Morgan, he's a bitter plague to me—he makes me copy a parcel of his *powetry* every day, and learn to spout it by rote; but for the life o'me I can't remember none on't. I believe he be a little touched here! (*Pointing to his head. Takes out a piece of paper.*

Enter Sir MORGAN, *with a hoe in his hand, singing*—

"Where the bee sucks," &c.

Sir Morgan. Well, Peter, have you copied the lines I gave you last night?

Peter. Here they be, sir. (*Gives the paper.*)

Sir Morgan (*glancing over the paper*). Really, my lad, you write tolerably well; but you spell shockingly bad.

Peter. Spell bad!—I defy any lord in the land to spell well, wi' sic a stump of a pen as I had—but I forgot to tell ye, that the gamekeeper has just shot a fine fat buck, which is to be roasted alive!

Sir Morgan. Mighty Shakspeare was fond of venison. (*Musing o'er his* MS.)

Peter. So be I, sir.

Sir Morgan. You must come to my study to-night, and I will give you such a treat.

Peter. Thank you kindly, sir.

Sir Morgan. You shall sip at the fountain of bardic lore.—Oh, it is so delicious!

Peter. You are very good, sir.

Sir Morgan. Of which (*as the Poet says*) you must
"Drink deep—or drink not at all."

Peter. O, leave I alone for drinking enough.

Sir Morgan. (*Turning over the leaves of his book, and reading a few lines casually; aside, but emphatically.*)
"Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
"To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin."

Peter. (*Alarmed, aside.*) Mercy on me!

Sir Morgan. "I go—I go—I go!—look how I go.
"Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

Peter. And yet he bean't ganging!

Sir Morgan. "My hour is almost come, when I to
"*Sulphurous* and *tormenting flames* must
"Render myself."

Peter (*sadly alarmed*). Bless my heart!

Sir Morgan. (*Turning to* PETER *and speaking solemnly.*)
"I am thy father's spirit,
"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
"And for the day confined to fast in fires!"

Peter (*falling on his knees*). O, horrible!

Sir Morgan, (*moving gently off*).—
"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his unaffected fire.
"——— Adieu!—Adieu!—Adieu!—remember me."
[*Exit.*

Peter. Oh, dear—Oh, dear! (*Falls on his knees.*)

Enter FRANK, (*gives* PETER *a slap on the shoulder*).

Frank, Hah, Peter!—What's the matter?

Peter (*rising, trembling*). O dear, Mr. Frank—I be woundedly frightened.

Frank. What has frightened you?

Peter. My father's ghost!

Frank. Thy father's ghost?

Peter. That is, my poor master, who hast just left me, said as how, that he war my father's spirit, and that he war obligated to live in fire and brimstone—O dear, dear!

Frank. Ha, ha, ha!—O, it is only a little poetic fit of Sir Morgan's.

Peter. Don't you think he be *sane* like?

Frank. O yes, sane enough!—What nosegay is that?

Peter. It be for you, as a present from Miss Ellen.

Frank. Give it me, then—(*Takes and kisses the nosegay.*) I come to ask you a favour, Peter.

Peter. Any thing, in my humble way, sir.

Frank. You like a bit of fun—eh, Peter?

Peter. Yes, by gum, and a bit o' nonsense too, Mr. Frank.

Frank. I have a little frolic in my head, which I cannot accomplish without your aid,

Peter. What be I to do?

Frank. In the first place, to unmask duplicity.

Peter. Who be he?

Frank. I'll tell you—and in the next, to assist an injured person.

Peter. Say no more—I'm your man—for, as father says, he that wean't lend a helping hand to—

Frank. Yes, yes, I know what you would say; but, come along, I will tell you the particulars as we go on.

Peter. Be I to fight, or cudgel, or any o' that fun?

Frank. Oh, no, no,—come on. (*Going.*)

Peter. For I be full of courage—nothing can frighten me.

Sir MORGAN *is seen coming at the back.*

Peter. (*Instead of following* FRANK, *trembles, and runs off at the opposite side, exclaiming*)— Oh, dear, here comes father's ghost! [*Exit* PETER.

Frank. (*Turning back.*) Where!

Enter Sir MORGAN.

Frank. Hah! Sir Morgan, good day.

Sir Morgan (*coolly*). Good day, to you, sir.

Frank. Have you seen my brother?

Sir Morgan. Yes, sir, he wishes to speak to you on a subject that nearly concerns you, Mr. Stanley.

Frank. Have at him then.—What a delightful spot this is, Sir Morgan!

Sir Morgan (*very coolly*). Yes, sir, it is pretty enough.

Frank (*observing* Sir MORGAN'S *coldness, and guessing the cause*). What a charming place to invoke the *Awen,* as you call it.—Pray, Sir Morgan, what is the literal meaning of the word?

Sir Morgan. Poetic Muse, or poetic inspiration—which I thus describe—

" The heav'n-born Muse is serious, gay,
" Both old and young by turns pursue her,
" Yet (like most other nymphs) they say
" She loves to tease the wights who woo her."

Frank. Bravo!—bravo!—you are always winging your flight to Parnassus, Sir Morgan.—Oh, I admire poetry!

Sir Morgan (*altering his tone*). Nay, do you?

Frank. Yes, and above all, the works of that matchless Bard, Billy Shakspeare.

Sir Morgan. Hold! hold! sir—don't call him Billy, if you please—that he was a matchless bard, I grant you—but I cannot suffer you to call him Billy.

Frank. " He was a man, take him for all in all,
" We shall not look upon his like again."

Sir Morgan (*embracing Frank with ecstacy*). He was, he was.
" He gave to airy nothings
" A local habitation and a name."
" Oh for a muse of fire, to do him justice ! "
(*Taking his* MS.) You never, I believe, have heard any of my Biographical Poem, Mr. Stanley?

Frank. O yes, I have—but shall be most happy to be favoured with a few more specimens.

Sir Morgan (*quite elated, aside*). O delightful! — What a son-in-law he would make—now, my dear Frank—(*checking himself*)—but you had better seek your brother, sir. (*Seriously.*)

Frank. Not before you oblige me with a few extracts from your excellent poem.

Sir Morgan (*aside*). Excellent poem !—I've a good mind—no, he's a rake—Sir, when you have had an enterview with Sir George, we will then consider further respecting my humble effort. (*Puts his* MS. *in his pocket.*)

Frank. Agreed; and I predict that
In future ages will the voice of fame
Sir Morgan's couple with great Shakspeare's name.
[*Exit* FRANK.

Sir Morgan. Capital! excellent!—I like this fellow ten times better than his brother; what a pity that such an intelligent sensible young man should be a scape-grace.
" In future ages shall the voice of fame
" Sir Morgan's couple with great Shakspeare's name."
[*Exit* Sir MORGAN, *quite elated.*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. It really is distressing, that I dare not be seen speaking to Frank—We are obliged to correspond by letters, as if we were a hundred miles apart.

Enter JENNY.

Well, Jenny, have you seen him?

Jenny. No, Miss, I could not find him any where; but I gave the nosegay to Peter, and begged of him to present it to Mr. Stanley.

Ellen. Sir George has requested me to shew him the beauties of the Oaken Glen by twilight.

Jenny. Don't go alone with him, Miss.

Ellen. No; you shall accompany us. Were I to refuse, my father would be displeased.

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. Oh, dear! oh, dear! its all over with us.

Ellen. What's the matter?

Peggy. Oh, goodness me! what shall we do?

Jenny. Pray explain, Wilkins!

Peggy. The nosegay and the letter which you gave to that blockhead, Peter, he has delivered to Sir George instead of Mr. Stanley.

Ellen. I hope not!

Peggy. He has, indeed—truth—and Sir George has just shewn it to your father, who is in such a rage!—oh, dear!—dear!

Jenny. How unfortunate—how came you to know it?

Peggy. I overheard Sir George and my master.

Ellen. Poor Frank! I wish he knew it.

Peggy. He does, Miss; I met him, and told him.

Ellen. What said he?

Peggy. He laughed! yes, Miss, he really laughed! and said, "Tell your mistress to keep out of her father's way for a short time, and that I have laid a *snare* for *Pilkins;* from which I expect some important disclosures."

Ellen and Jenny. Disclosures?

Peggy. Yes, disclosures! oh, dear! we shall all be killed! oh, me!

Ellen. Don't take on so, Peggy.

Peggy. As for *Mr. Pilkins,* I am sure he is not what he appears to be.

Jenny. Hush! I thought I heard Sir Morgan.

Peggy. Pray keep out of his way, dear lady! I would not encounter him just now for all the—*Pilkins*—I mean the—the—mines in Wales. Oh, dear! oh, dear! [*Exit* PEGGY.

Ellen. What can Mr. Stanley possibly mean by important disclosures.

Jenny. Ah, madam! I fear that poor Mr. Stanley has not been well treated by his brother.

Ellen. I fear not; but as the extent of *my* fault has been to exchange hearts with the amiable youth, I shall not give way to despair.

Jenny. That's right, miss; I still hope to see you and Mr. Stanley happily united. Then would we trip it, as the fairies do, around the great oak in the park.

Ellen. So we would, Jenny.

DUET, ELLEN and JENNY.

Fairy elves their watch are keeping,
Fal, lal, la.
While the drowsy world is sleeping,
Fal, lal, la.
Till the sun-beams brightly dancing,
Fal, lal, la.
Tell the day is fast advancing,
Fal, lal, la.

When the star of eve is twinkling,
Fal, lal, la.
And the village-bell is tinkling,
Fal, lal, la.
On the green they foot it featly,
Fal, lal, la.
While the bird of night sings sweetly,
Fal, lal, la.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Garden with a Summer-house on one side. Two Garden Stools.*

Enter PILKINS *with his hat on, and* PETER.

Pilkins. It is a pretty place.

Peter. Ant it, Mr. Pilkins? I know you bean't fond of drink, Mr. Pilkins.

Pilkins. You are right, Peter.

Peter. But you like Sir Morgan's ale?

Pilkins. Yes, I like it; but it is too strong, it gets into my head.

Peter. I have a' gotten a drop of what they call here *cwrw da**, mild as milk. *(Aside.)* Strong as brandy.

Pilkins. Nay, have you?

Peter. Yes, I have—ha! ha! ha!

Pilkins. Don't laugh, that's a good lad; it gives me the stomach-ache.

Peter. Can you keep a secret?

Pilkins (alarmed). A secret! what do you mean?

Peter. Hush! I ha' got a bottle or two o' rare old stuff.

Pilkins. Where, Peter?

Peter. In the summer-house, there.

Pilkins. I wo'nt believe it, unless I *see* it.

Peter. Then you shall, in a minute. *(Runs into the Summer-house and brings out a couple of wine bottles.)* Here they be, Mr. Pilkins.

Pilkins. So they are, sure enough.

Peter. Stay—we will sit us down; *(fetches the seats)* there, now, sit ye down. Oh, dear! how shall us get the cork out?

Pilkins. O, I'll manage that for you! *(takes a corkscrew from his pocket and draws one cork)* there, Peter!

Peter. No, after *you*, if you please; I han't gotten a glass, so we maun drink by word of mouth; and, as Sir Morgan says, "Drink plenty or don't drink none."

Pilkins (drinks). 'Tis excellent! *(drinks)* capital! *(drinks)* delicious! Here, Peter, taste it.

---

* Good ale.

Peter (holds the bottle aside). He has scarcely left I enough to taste! *(drinks.)* 'Tis rare old stingo, sure enough.

Pilkins. I wonder now, Peter, whether this *bottle* is as good—

Peter. Better; I'll be bound for it.

Pilkins. Suppose we just see—not that I wish for a drop more —'tis merely to satisfy your curiosity—

Peter. With all my heart.

Pilkins (draws the cork). We'll merely taste it, that's all— *(drinks).* Better and better. *(Smiling)* I say, Peter, you think me an odd sort of a man, don't you, Peter, my boy?

Peter. Why we be all odd enough, Mr. Pilkins.

Pilkins. You think I can't be merry! *(getting gradually tipsy)* bless your soul, 'tis all my—

Peter. Drink, Mr. Pilkins.

Pilkins. With all my heart! *(drinks).* I can be as merry as a grig when it suits my convenience.

Peter. So can I.

Pilkins. Let's have a song then.

Peter. With all my heart.

DUET*, PILKINS and PETER.

PETER.

Let life be short, let life be long,
I love to chaunt a merry song;
And, while I dig and toil away,
I sing to make my spirits gay.
Tol de rol, &c.

PILKINS.

Let life be short, let life be long,
Who drinks no ale is vastly wrong;
In spite of all the weepers say,
It makes us merry, blithe, and gay.
Tol de rol, &c.

Peter. Let life be short, let life be long,

Pilkins. Who drinks no ale is vastly wrong.

Peter. So while I dig and toil away,

Pilkins. I'd drink to make my spirits gay.

(Both dancing, each a Bottle in his hand— Pilkins reels.)

Tol de rol, &c.

Enter FRANK *behind.*

Pilkins. Stand still, Peter, why do you twist about so—which do you like best of my two masters?

Peter (seeing Frank). Why I think Sir George is the steadier like.

---

* This is altered from a duet in T. Dibdin's Opera of "The Sicilian," composed by J. P.

Pilkins. There you are wrong—he's a da—but I must not swear.

Peter. But you maun drink.

Pilkins. Aye, there you are right, Peter. *(Drinks.)* Sir George is a black'an—and I know it. Ah, Peter! he has used that merry wag, Frank, in a scandalous manner. Steady, boys, steady—why you are getting tipsy, Peter. But to the point—when his late father, the good Sir George, was on his death-bed, he sent for his steward, Squabbs, to make his will. I was present all the time supporting my poor dear master. *(Weeps.)*

(FRANK *appears affected.)*

Peter (wiping his eye). Don't ye cry, Mr. Pilkins—don't ye cry, sir.

Pilkins. Let me alone, Peter; these are tears of gratitude, and it does me good to shed them. My poor master was too ill to read the will himself.

Peter. Well, Mr. Pilkins. (*Affected.*)

Pilkins. Well, Peter. (*Wiping his eyes.*)

Peter. Go on, Mr. Pilkins.

Pilkins. Yes—I'll go on, Peter. (*Both affected.*) My master left his personal property, which was very considerable, between the two sons; but old Squabbs contrived to render poor Frank dependent on his brother—yet he read the will as my poor dying master dictated it.

Peter. Oh, the villains!

Pilkins. Yes, but I am a villain too.

Peter. Nay, be ye tho', Mr. Pilkins?

Pilkins. Yes, Peter, I witnessed the will, and the present Sir George allows me twenty pounds a-year for my perfidy—But pray never mention a word to any living soul—keep it a profound secret, as I have done.

Peter. Yes, I will keep it as close as you have done.

FRANK *rushes between* PILKINS *and* PETER. (PETER *laughs and clears the stage.*)

Frank. Here's a discovery!

Pilkins. What, Mr. Frank, is it you?

Frank. Yes, sir; recollect that I am now in possession of the important secret which you have so often hinted at.

Pilkins. I am heartily glad of it—I wished to have told you, but I had—

Frank. Twenty good reasons per annum for keeping it from me.—Take him to the cellar, Peter, that's the fittest place for him.

Pilkins. Aye, take me to the cellar.

Frank. Now to seek my ungenerous brother, on whom I shall instantly turn the tables.—Follow me to the house, Peter.

[*Exit* FRANK.

Peter. Ees sir, I will.—Come, Mr. Pilkins. (*Singing.*)

"Let life be short, let life be long."

In which PILKINS *joins, and takes hold of* PETER'S *arm; both exit, singing, having exchanged hats in the confusion.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Entrance Hall.*

Enter SIR MORGAN *in his Dressing Gown and Cap, crossing the Stage and ringing the Bell violently.*

Sir Morgan. I have no cannons; but all the fowling pieces and pistols I possess shall be forthcoming.

Enter PEGGY *hastily.*

Peggy. Oh, sir! O dear me, Sir Morgan!
Sir Morgan. What's the matter?
Peggy. Miss Ellen, sir.
Sir Morgan. Well, what of her?
Peggy. Is no where to be found!
Sir Morgan. What!—my child!—my Ellen!—my only darling! That villain Frank has carried her off.

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Sir George Stanley has run away with Miss Ellen.
Sir Morgan. Sir George!—impossible!
Thomas. A post-chaise is gone round to the Ivy Cottage. He has taken Jenny too.
Sir Morgan. O! my child!—but fly! fly! pursue! [*Exit Thomas.*] O! my child! my child!—where art thou?

Enter FRANK, *leading* ELLEN, *followed by* PETER *and* JENNY.

Ellen. Here, my dear father!—Behold my preserver!
(*Introducing Frank.*)
Sir Morgan. Where is Sir George?
Frank. My brother, being foiled in his base design to carry your daughter away, has drove off towards London: but he *shall* do me justice, and restore to me my rights.
Sir Morgan. Justice!—rights!—what do you mean?
Frank. I will explain every thing in due time, to your satisfaction, Sir Morgan.
Sir Morgan. Do that, and thou shalt have my daughter.
Peter. Huzza!
Sir Morgan. Silence, you catiff!—(*To Frank*). For thou art a merry wag, and fond of poetry. I hope thou wilt never have cause to regret thy trip to Wales..—"All's well that ends well."

"If you express content, which we will pay
With strife to please you, day exceeding day,
Ours be your patience, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us—and take our hearts."

FINALE. (Air—"Ap Shenkin.")

ELLEN, JENNY, *and* PEGGY.

Your smiles will make us blest indeed;
For, oh! they are a welcome meed;

Let kindness poise the judging scales,
And cheer our merry trip to Wales.

(*Repeat in Chorus.*)

Peter.

That ale's a tell-tale has been proved;
But still the beverage should be loved.

Sir Morgan.

Your right, my lad; and may it be
A foe to base duplicity.

CHORUS.

Your smiles, &c.

FINIS.

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